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me afore; but och! oh! Blessed Mother, Frank, where's my Kathleen and the rest?—and why are they out of their own poor place?"

"Owen, I told you a while ago, that you must be a man. I gave you the worst news first, and what's to come doesn't signify much. It was too dear; for if any man could live upon it you could—you have neither house nor home, Owen, nor land. An order came from the agent—your last cow was taken, so 'twas all you had in the world—hem—barrin' a thrife—no, bad manners to it—no, you're not widout a home, any way—the family's in my barn, brave and comfortable compared to what your own house was, that let in the wather through the roof like a sieve; and while the same barn's to the fore, never say you want a home."

"God bless you, Frank, for that goodness to them and me. If you're not rewarded for it here, you will be in a better place. Och, I long to see Kathleen and the childher! but I'm fairly broken down, Frank, and hardly able to mark the ground, and, indeed no wondher, if you knew but all, but God's will be done! Poor Kathleen, I must bear up before her, or she'll break her heart, for I know how she loved the golden-haired darlin' that's gone from us. Och, and how did she go, Frank, for I left her betther?"

"Why, the poor girsha took a relapse, and wasn't strong enough to bear up against the last attack; but it's one comfort that you know she's happy."

Owen stood for a moment, and looking solemnly in his neighbour's face, exclaimed, in a deep and exhausted voice—"Frank!"

"What are you goin' to say, Owen?"

"The heart widin me's broke—broke!"

The large tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, and he proceeded in silence to the house of his friend. There was, however, a feeling of sorrow in his words and manner which the other could not withstand. He grasped Owen's hand, and, in a low and broken voice, simply said—"Keep your spirits up—keep them up."

When they came to the barn in which his hapless family had taken up their temporary residence, Owen stood for a moment to collect himself; but he was nervous, and trembled with repressed emotion. They then entered; and Kathleen, on seeing her beloved and affectionate husband, threw herself on his bosom, and for some time felt neither joy nor sorrow—she had swooned. The poor man kissed her lips with a tenderness at once mournful and deep. The children, on seeing their father safely returned, forgot their recent grief, and clung about him with gladness and delight. In the mean time Kathleen recovered, and Owen for many minutes could not check the loud and clamorous grief—now revived by the presence of her husband—with which the heartbroken and emaciated mother deplored her departed child; and Owen himself on once more looking among the little ones—on seeing her little frock hanging up, and her stool vacant by the fire—on missing her voice and her blue laughing eyes, and remembering the affectionate manner in which, as with a presentiment of death, she held up her little mouth and offered him the last kiss—he slowly pulled the toys and cakes he had purchased for her out of his pocket, surveyed them for a moment, and then putting his hands on his face, bent his head upon his bosom, and wept with the vehement outpouring of a father's sorrow.

Owen, for another year, struggled on with his family, without success; his firm spirit was broken; employment he could not get, and even had it been regular, he would have found it impracticable to support his helpless wife and children by his labour. The next year unhappily was also one of sickness and want; the country was not only a wide waste of poverty, but overspread with typhus fever. One Saturday night he and the family found themselves without food; they had not tasted a morsel for twenty-four hours. There were murmurings and tears, and finally a low conversation among them, as if they had a conference upon some subject which filled them with both grief and satisfaction. In this alternation of feeling did they pass the time until the sharp gnawing of hunger was relieved by sleep. A keen December wind blew with a bitter blast on the following morning; the rain was borne along upon it with violence, and the cold was chill and piercing. Owen, his wife, and their six children, issued at day-break out of the barn in which, ever since their removal from Tubber Derg, they had lived; their miserable fragments of bed clothes were tied about them; their pace was slow, need we say sorrowful, all were in tears. Owen and Kathleen went first, with the child upon the back and another in the hand of each. Their route lay by their former dwelling, the

door of which was open, for it had not been inhabited. On passing it they stood a moment; then with a simultaneous impulse both approached—entered—and took one last look of a spot to which their hearts clung with enduring attachment. They then returned; and as they passed, Owen put forth his hand, and picking a few small pebbles out of the wall, put them in his pocket.

"Farewell!" said he, "and may the blessing of God rest upon you! We now leave you for ever—we're goin' at last to beg our bread through the world wide, where none will know of the happy days we passed widin your walls! We must leave you; but glory be to the Almighty, we are goin' wid a clear conscience; we took no revenge upon ourselves, there's neither blood, nor murder, nor dishonesty upon our hands. Don't cry, Kathleen—don't cry, childher; there is still a good God above, who can and may do something, for us yet, glory be to his name!"

He then passed on with his family, which, including himself made, in all, eight paupers, being an additional burden upon the country, which might easily have been avoided. His land was above two years waste, and when it was ultimately taken, the house was a ruin; and the money allowed by the landlord for building a new one, together with the loss of two years' rent, would, if humanely directed, have enabled Owen McCarthy to remain a solvent tenant.

[The first part of this interesting story we *abridged* and *altered* from the "National Magazine," a periodical which was carried on in this city for a few months, with more spirit than success by P. D. Hardy, Esq. M. R. I. A. We never imagined for a moment that the talented *ci-divant* editor would take umbrage at a thing which is done daily on the other side of the water, more especially as he, in a note of one of his many publications, reprobrates the idea of preventing any one from making an extract, and as we intended to mention our source, and pay a compliment to that gentleman himself. But Mr. Hardy had it in his scope to republish the story, and had actually refused to permit the author of it, on any terms, to insert it in a new series of Irish Stories which are in the course of printing. Had we known this, our abridgment would not have appeared: but there it lay, in a defunct Magazine, and we thought no harm of appropriating a portion of it. The strangest part of the business is yet to come: the author *voluntarily* called at the office, and said that we had his hearty consent to publish the remaining portion, and scarcely more than a day elapses when he calls again, says *he is now the proprietor*, and taxes us with DISHONESTY for doing the very thing to which he gave his consent, as far as that consent was worth, and for not complying on the eve of going to press, with his desire of omitting the conclusion! If he had shown even the dimest shadow of an injury to his forthcoming volumes, there might be reason in the thing; but in the name of common sense, will a part of a story, which is beautiful throughout, appearing in a Penny Journal, affect the circulation of a work which, we understand, is to be as splendid as any ever published in London? It is really "too bad."



THE JAUNTING CAR.

This is, properly, an Irish machine. The JAUNTING CAR is almost peculiar to our island. A Scotchman or an Englishman on first landing at Dublin or at Kingstown is struck with this peculiarity; but they soon learn to relish so agreeable and handsome a conveyance. It is true, that the cars for hire do not present very great temptations: the miserable horses, and too often the squalid, dirty drivers, clamoring for a fare, and underbidding each other with fierce vociferation, while the furious driving, and incessant attempts to take ad-

vantage of ignorance and inexperience, render the Dublin carmen almost intolerable, (we speak generally) except to those who are content to endure these disadvantages for the pleasure and ease of being conveyed to any part of the city or country. But none who have enjoyed the comforts of that pleasant vehicle, a *private car*, will quarrel with our designating it *agreeable and handsome*. Almost every citizen who can afford it, (and we are sorry to add, many who can not,) keeps a car. In a future number we will give an excursion to Kingstown—but in the meantime conclude our notice with the following extract kindly furnished by a friend.

“Who has not enjoyed the advantages of the jaunting car: who that has even traversed the beautiful road to Kingstown on the various vehicles so properly denominated “*dislocators*,” which pass and repass in unremitting whirl: or who that has watched the beautiful daughters of the “green isle” borne through the streets of our extending metropolis on this handsome and commodious vehicle, that will not feel curious to know from what humble principle, it has thus risen to perfection. And in good time, have I met with Master Bush’s *Hibernia Curiosa*: he was a careful and observant traveller, and I feel I cannot do better than amuse your readers with an extract on the above matter from his work:

“They have an odd kind of machine here, which they call the *Noddy*; it is nothing more than an old cast off one-horse chaise or chair; with a kind of stool fixed upon the shafts just before the seat, on which the driver sits, just over the horse, and drives you from one part of the town to another, at stated rates for a “*set-down*,” and a good set-down it is sometimes, for you are well off if you are not set down in a channel, by the breaking of the wheels, or an overset-down; nor can you see any thing before you but your nod, nod, nodding charioteer, whose situation on the shafts obliges his motion to be conformed to that of the horse, from whence I suppose they have obtained the name of the *Noddy*. I assure you the ease of the fare is not much consulted in the construction of these nodding vehicles. But the drollest and most diverting kind of conveyance for your genteel and ungenteel parties of pleasure is what they call here the *Chaise-marine*, which is nothing less or more than any common car with one horse. A simple kind of carriage constructed with a pair of wheels, or thin round blocks, of about twenty inches in diameter, an axle and two shafts, which over the axle are spread out a little wider than the sides of the horse, and framed together with cross pieces in such a manner as to be nearly in a level position for three or four feet across the axle. These simple constructions are almost the only kind of carts in common use for the carrying or moving of goods, merchandize of every kind, hay, corn, &c. through the kingdom. These are however used for parties of pleasure, when on the level part a mat is laid for the commonalty, and for the genteeler sort of people a bed is put on this, and half a dozen get on, two behind, and two on each side, and away they drive, with their feet not above six inches from the ground as they sit, on little jaunts of a few miles out of town; and they are the most sociable carriages in use, for ten or a dozen will take one of these *Chaise-marines*, and ride it by turns, the rate being seldom, in such cases, more than a foot pace. I assure you they are the drollest, merriest currioles you ever saw. We were infinitely diverted at meeting many of these feather bed chaise-marine parties on the Sunday we landed coming out of town, as we went up to it from Dunleary.” Such was the jaunting car of Ireland in 1764, and could the honest gentleman to whom we are indebted for this description “revisit the glimpses of the moon,” and see the vehicle of 1832, how great would be his praises and surprise. I shall take an early opportunity of returning to his pages, from whence I have no fear of being enabled to extract much that will be found agreeable, useful, and entertaining.”

PRACTICAL ADVICE TO IRISHMEN.

We are sure that our friends will not despise a little advice; and we therefore wish to call their attention to a few things not unworthy the observation of rational men.

One grand objection, until of late, to Irishmen, was their want of *business habits*. It is owing to this that the English have imbibed the idea that nothing good can come out of Ireland, and it is owing too to this that our shops and our warehouses are filled with Scotchmen. We do not mention this for the sake of invidious comparison; all we mean by it is,

that Irishmen may be stimulated to rival them in what is assuredly merely an *educational habit*. To our young men we would say, never *undervalue your situation*. Whatever it may be, fulfil its duties well; and if you think it unworthy of your abilities, the surest way to get a better, is to *deserve* it. Never let a horse-race, a review, or a regatta, draw you from your business at unseasonable times. Value it more than any thing else; be assiduous, attentive, and painstaking; and when you do take a day of pleasure (for who with any spark of feeling could bear to be shut up perpetually in town?) let that day be such as will not interfere with your more important duties.

Endeavour to acquire solid, useful substantial knowledge. Unfortunately for poor Ireland, though her children are apt, inquisitive, acute and intelligent, yet their faculties have never been rightly directed. There are *three* senses in which the people of the *three* kingdoms may be termed *knowing*. The English are *knowing*, so far as regards their *comfort*, and the promotion of it; the Scotch are *knowing*, as far as regards that careful attention to *interest* which secures their situations, and the means of keeping them; but Paddy, poor Paddy, though he can give a wittier reply, a shrewder observation, a more humorous retort, and is therefore more intellectually *knowing* than either English or Scotch, fails in the grand points of knowingness as to *comfort* and *interest*. It is a positive fact that the tone of an Irish Penny Journal must be more elevated than an English one, because the lower classes of the Irish are more intelligent than the English. At the same time the Irish have not acquired that *PATIENT HABIT* of reading which characterizes the Scotch. We say *habit*; for it is owing to *education*. Let our friends then endeavour to diffuse around them a taste for wholesome manly reading. Let them endeavour to diffuse knowledge, and to *guide* the demand for it; let them encourage it in their children and relatives; and Ireland will soon present a cheering scene.

THE EAGLE.

O to be free, like the eagle of heaven,
That soars over valley and mountain all day,
Then flies to the rock which the thunder hath riven,
And nurses her young with the fresh bleeding prey!
No arrow can fly
To her eyrie on high,
No net of the fowler her wings can ensnare;
The merle and thrush
May live in the bush,
But the eagle's domain is as wide as the air!

O to be fleet, like the stag of the mountain,
That starts when the twilight has gilded the morn;
He feeds in the forest, and drinks from the fountain,
And hears from the thicket the sound of the horn;
Then forward he bounds,
While horses and hounds
Follow fast with their loud-sounding yell and halloo;
The goats and the sheep
Their pasture may keep,
But the stag bounds afar when the hunters pursue.

O to be strong like the oaks of the forest,
That wave their green tops while the breezes blow high,
And never are felled till they're wounded the sorest—
Then they throw down their saplings, when falling to die,
The shrubs and flowers,
In gardens and bowers,
May sicken when mildew has tainted the field;
But the oaks ever stand,
As the pride of our land,
And to none but the arm of the lightning will yield.

Then, free in the world as the far-soaring eagle,
And swift as the stag, when at morning awoke,
Let us laugh at the chase of the hound and the beagle,—
Be sturdy and strong as the wide-spreading oak;
And we'll quaff wine and ale
From goblet and pail,
And we'll drink to the health of our comrades so dear:
And, like merry, merry men,
We'll fill up again;
And thus live without sorrow, and die without fear.